

MORNING MIGHT.

A circular vignette illustration showing a woman sitting and reading a book to two young children. The woman is on the right, looking down at the book. One child is on the left, looking at the book, and another child is in the center, also looking at the book. The scene is framed by decorative scrollwork.

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NO. 6.



THE FLOWER MISSION.

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"SERENA! Serena! Where are you?"

The voice reached Serena in the garden, where she was kneeling, her trowel in her hand, working among her flowers. She turned her head to listen, and the call came again.

"Serena! Serena! come, take a walk."

"I can't," answered Serena. She knew it was Mabel calling her. It was Friday afternoon, the time when the girls usually went to walk.

"Why not? Oh, do," called Mabel, just outside the fence.

"Can't," said Serena; "I'm getting ready for the Flower Mission."

"Pooh on the Flower Mission; let them get their flowers where they can."

"Oh, that isn't a bit good and kind, Mabel. You know how much old Betsey thought of that hyacinth I carried her last week. Poor folks and sick folks like flowers, and I'm going to send them some every week."

"Well, you need n't stay here all day at work."

"I like it better than play, so let me alone," said Serena pleasantly.

So selfish Mabel ran away to find some one else to go to walk with her; and Serena was left to work in her garden.

Almost every one in the city knows about the Flower Mission. Its work is to send flowers to the sick people in the hospitals, and to the poor who live in the narrow, dingy streets and lanes, in close, dark rooms, where they hardly ever see anything beautiful.

And where do they get their flowers? Kind people who live in the country send them in great boxes and baskets. Bushels and bushels of them come to the city in care of the expressmen, who never ask any money for their trouble.

Many children, like Serena, have a little garden all their own on purpose to raise flowers for the Flower Mission. And others, who have no gardens, gather the wild

blossoms, clover-heads and daisies, violets and buttercups, tie them up in little bunches, and send them.

How much pleasure it gives to the poor sick people to see the bright flowers! It often makes them think of home, of father and mother, and the little church where they used to hear about Jesus. And then they sometimes begin to feel sorry for their sins, and to pray that they may be forgiven. The flowers are little silent messengers to the heart.

A "TRULY" DOG.

A BRISK, cheery little pet was Fido, with large, kind eyes, and soft, silky hair. He was a great favorite with his little master, who was never so happy as when Fido was barking at his heels.

Fred's papa was dead, and Fred lived with his mamma and Fido on the outskirts of a town not many miles from Boston. Fred slept with his mamma, and every night trusty Fido lay just outside the chamber door. One night Fred was sleeping soundly, but his mamma was frequently disturbed by loud barks and ominous growls from Fido. Only half awake, she was conscious of feeling greatly vexed with the noisy dog. By-and-by he barked incessantly and beat against the door. But his poor mistress was wrapped in an almost helpless stupor.

Somehow Fido managed to unlatch the door, and rushing into the chamber he sprang upon the bed, barking loudly and pulling wildly at the clothes. At length he succeeded in arousing his mistress. She needed no further explanation of Fido's conduct. Springing up, she grasped little Fred in her arms and rushed to the door. She called for help, and friends soon came to her assistance; but by that time the flames were shooting forth in all directions, and very soon the house was burned to ashes. But Fred and his mamma were saved by the vigorous efforts of wise and faithful Fido.

F. E. B.

JUNE 15, 1883



WONDERFUL ROCKS, No. 6.

THIS is called the Knight Templar Rock. It is on the coast of England, and looks like a grand old weather-beaten sea-captain with his cap on, keeping his watch over the ocean. The waves roar, the winds blow,

and the tempests beat, but he feels not. The white-sailed ships come and go, and the birds fly hither and thither, the sun rises and sets, and the clouds sweep by, but he sees not. He is only a rock.



LITTLE AMELIA.

WHEN I was young I had a class in Sabbath-school. My father was the superintendent, and I had so many little girls that he said he must take some of them out, and put them in another class.

Amelia, a little black-eyed girl nine years old, was placed in another class, and at once began to cry. She could not bear to leave her teacher, and so after sobbing as if her heart would break for some time, and no one could pacify her, she was brought back to me. A smile sweet as sunshine lighted her face as she came back, and once more she was happy.

"When I grow to be a woman," she said to me one day, "I am going to tell people who live 'way off about the dear Jesus."

And to-day the little Amelia, grown to be a loving, self-denying woman, in far-away lands is telling the sweet story of the cross. Sometimes I hear of her and of the good she is doing, and it makes me glad that I once knew her, and that she loved me so well.

Little children, are any of you going, when you are grown up, to distant lands to tell the heathen of the dear Saviour? Do you love him well enough to leave home and friends and give up all for him?

"How shall they believe in him of whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher?"

TEMPERANCE.

TEMPERANCE is the proper control of the appetite. Appetite means a fondness for any particular kind of food. But we may not eat and drink anything we choose; only that which is good for us, and will make us strong to do our duty at home, at school, and everywhere.

Temperance means the moderate use of all good foods and drinks; and it means also that we never touch or taste that which would injure us.

That is the reason why those who go against drinking intoxicating liquors are called temperance people. Liquors, such as brandy, gin and whiskey, wine, beer, and cider, intoxicate or poison us, and therefore we should never, never touch them.

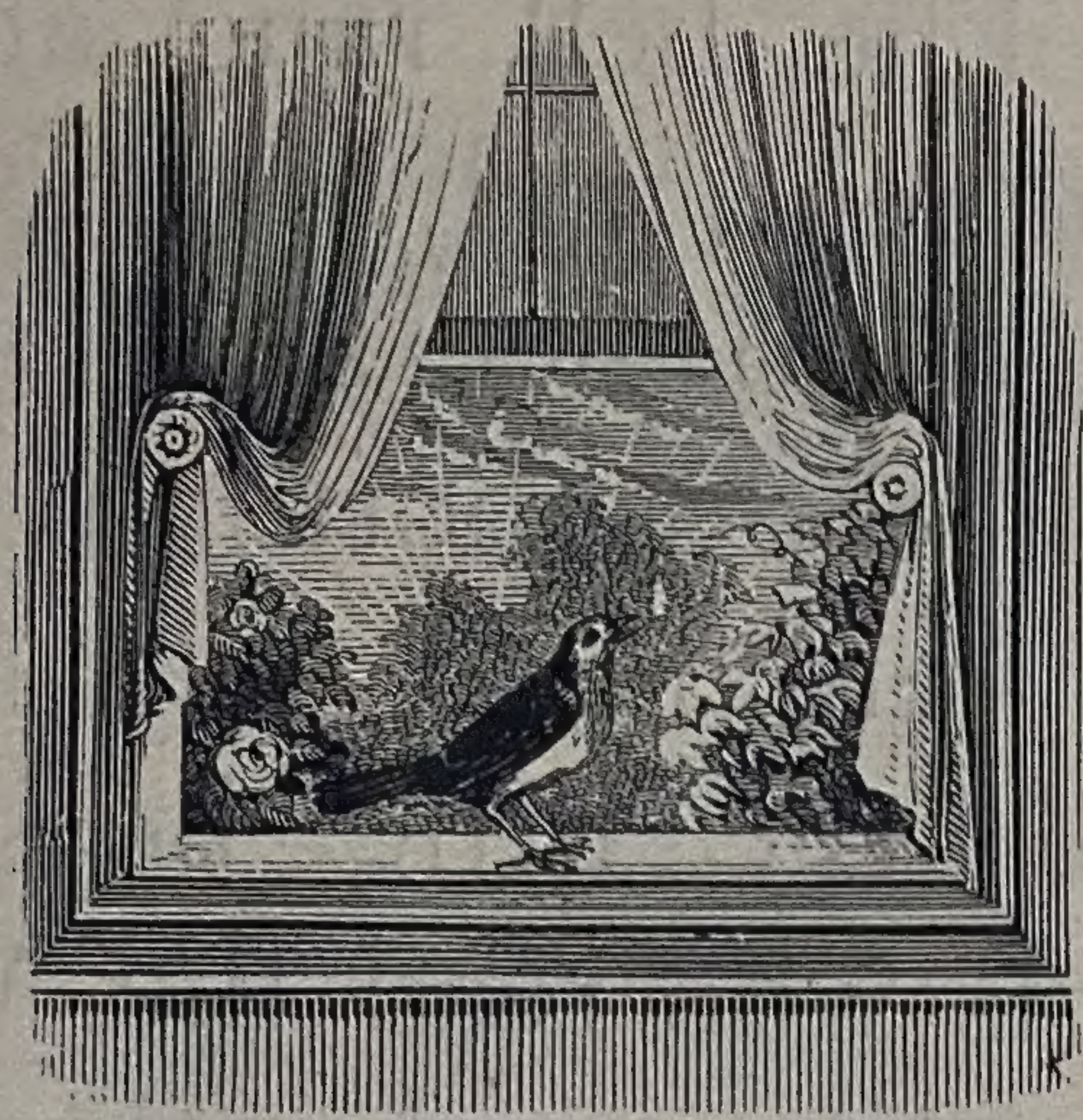


LOOKING AT THE DEWDROPS.

"WAS there ever anything so beautiful!" exclaimed little Maud Baker, as she spied the dewdrops on the plants one morning before breakfast. She was a little city girl just come to the country for a short vacation, and I do not think she had ever seen such a sight before.

"They look like drops of silver," she cried, with both hands lifted in wonder; "they are so shiny. The leaves look as if they were spangled."

I don't wonder that Maud was surprised and dazzled. Is there a prettier sight than the dewy leaves when the sun shines on them?



THE CHICKADEE'S VISIT.

TOWARDS the end of the winter, when tiny patches of ground began to show like little islands in the great sea of snow, and the warm south wind blew a tender breath that made us think of spring and flowers, one bright, sunny morning, Miss Boardman opened her window to let the sweet air fill her rooms while she was down at breakfast. When she came up again she heard a tiny flutter and a chirp as she opened the door, so she stood still for a moment to see what it was all about. Very soon she saw a wee brown birdie perched on one of the picture frames on the wall, and quietly went in and closed the door and windows. Birdie did not seem very much afraid, and Miss Boardman thought that the wee creature might be hungry and had ventured in at the window in search of food. In a cupboard there was a paper bag with some crackers in it, and Miss Boardman took out one of these and scattered a few crumbs on the table. Birdie put

his head over on one side, looked a few times from the crumbs to Miss Boardman standing quietly on the other side of the room, back again to the crumbs, hopped down on a chair, and finally over to the table, where he picked up a crumb, gave the lady another look out of his bright little eyes, chirped his thanks to her, and picked up another crumb.

Miss Boardman did not know much about birds, but she knew some one who did, and sent to ask Miss Clark if she would come to her room.

When the two ladies went in to see the bird they found him picking up the very last crumb on the table, so Miss Boardman gave him some more. He seemed very hungry, but not much afraid.

Miss Clark knew a great deal about birds, and she said this one looked a little bit like a chickadee, but she was not sure. She held her finger on her lip thinking, and by-and-by said, in a puzzled way, "Well, little birdie, who are you any way?" And the little bird answered, "Chick-a-dee-dee-dee-dee." Now was n't that funny?

After a little while they opened the window and let the little bird fly away again to his friends; but every morning after that, until spring really came, two little chickadees came in at the window to get a nice breakfast. M. B. H. H.



TELL JESUS.

“The door of his love is open,
He waiteth for those who seek.”

Little Mattie was entering the schoolroom one morning, her usually bright face so clouded it was painful to see.

Stooping to kiss her I said, “My dear child is not happy this morning.”

“No, Miss P——, I have done very wrong, and I cannot be happy.”

The bell rang at that moment, and Mattie hastened to her seat, and I lost the opportunity then to help her. But I will tell the little boys and girls who read the MORNING LIGHT what I said to her afterwards. “When you have done wrong, go to Jesus; tell him how sorry you are, and ask him to forgive you and help you to do right. Then go tell the one you have wronged, and ask to be forgiven.”

I'm not too young for God to see,
He knows my name and nature too,
And all day long he looks at me,
He sees my actions through and through.

He listens to the words I say,
He knows the thoughts I have within,
And whether I'm at work or play,
He's sure to see me when I sin.

Oh, how could children tell a lie,
Or cheat in play, or swear or fight,
If they remembered God was by,
And had them always in his sight!

With our good mother sitting near,
It makes us careful what we do,
But how much more we ought to fear
The Lord who sees us through and through.

Then when I want to do amiss,
However pleasing it may be,
I'll always try to think of this,
I'm not too young for God to see. E. P.



THE PILGRIM.

A GOOD man dreamed, and saw a man clothed with rags, standing in a certain place, with his face from his own house, a book in his hand, and a great burden on his back, crying, "What shall I do?"

This represents the poor sinner burdened with sin, and crying, "What must I do to be saved?" Then Evangelist, the minister of the gospel comes to him.

"Then Evangelist gave him a parchment roll, and there was written within, 'Fly from the wrath to come.'

"The man said, 'Whither must I fly?'

"Then said Evangelist, pointing with his finger over a very wide field, 'Do you see yonder wicket gate?'

"The man said, 'No.'

"Then said the other, 'Do you see yonder shining light?'

"He said, 'I think I do.'

"Then said Evangelist, 'Keep that light in your eye, and go up directly thereto, so shalt thou see the gate; at which when thou knockest, it shall be told thee what thou shalt do.'

"So in process of time the pilgrim got up to the gate. Now over the gate there was written, 'Knock, and it shall be opened unto you.'

"He knocked therefore more than once or twice. At last there came a grave person to the gate, named Goodwill, who asked who was there, and whence he came, and what he would have.

"The pilgrim said, 'I am a poor, burdened sinner. I came from the city of Destruction, but am going to Mount Zion, that I may be delivered from the wrath to come; I would therefore, sir, know, since I am informed that by this gate is the way thither, if you are willing to let me in.'

"I am willing with all my heart,' said he; and with that he opened the gate."

So Jesus is willing.



HYMN FOR A SICK CHILD.

I AM Jesus' little lamb,
Lying on his breast;
Jesus knows me by my name,
Knows how sick and weak I am,
But he loves me just the same,
Hushes me to rest.

Now his lips so gently move:
"Do not be afraid;
Shut your eyes and rest on me,
Through the darkness I can see,
On my bosom trustfully
Lay your little head.

"Every grief and pain you feel
I so quickly know,
Even though you do not tell;
All your sickness I can heal,
All your sins can cure as well,
Make you white as snow."

Oh, how very glad I am;
Now I'll go to sleep;
I am Jesus' little lamb,
He has called me by my name,
Loves me always just the same,
He my soul will keep.

A LITTLE girl who had just given her heart to Jesus came to me with her eyes full of tears. "Please tell me," said she, "what I can do for Jesus, I love him so."

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